

ZION'S HERALD.

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ZION'S HERALD

VOL. L.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873.

No. 4.

UP HILL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Every man must bear his own burden. The way through life, my child, is all up hill.

He said in pleasant tones, gentle and low; And though my kindness shall attend the still,

Though, even as others, self-sustained, must go.

Most cheerfully my greater strength would bear The burdens life has bound for thy young heart;

Thankful to save thee pain and wasting care; But each, my child, alone must bear his part.

Ah! life is stern; its ways are rough and hard For timid hearts and tender limbs like thine;

But they shall meet a glorious reward, Who walk them well, nor falter, nor re-pine.

Gladly, my child, I'd fold thee to my heart; I thankfully would guard thee as mine own;

But thou must labor for thine hour of rest;

And thou must meet and conquer life alone."

SEEKING A HOME.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

FROM RICHMOND TO ATLANTA.

It was a cold morning when we left the northern for the central capital of the South. In fact, the cold weather we had hoped to shun, chased us all the way down to Georgia. It was colder in Baltimore than in Philadelphia, in Washington than in Baltimore, in Richmond than in Washington, and in Lynchburg than in Richmond. The temperature got back to a respectable equilibrium only as we reached the mountain lands of Georgia. Our ride around Richmond froze nose and toes, and the snow that fell that night looked homelike in quality, though sadly deficient in quantity. The cars go southward to Danville; here the colored car first makes its appearance. Through Maryland this abomination is abolished, and from Washington to Richmond, people of this complexion sat among their whiter fellows. Here they are thrust into a smoking-car, and ladies and gentlemen are compelled to submit to the nasty habits of their dirtier, if whiter, fellow-travelers. The stations have separate rooms, and the old flavor is still alive in this dead shape.

It smells all the worse from a dead cause, than it did from its old, living form. Not the negro, but this treatment of him, is oppressive to souls.

We want Mr. Sumner's Civil Service Bill in car and hotel, and alas! that it must be said, in pew. May his royal services be thus royally crowned, and his one misstep be thus forgotten and forgiven.

A HORROR DRAWING NEAR.

To show how this country is getting demoralized, an anecdote and incident will tell. Not far from Appomattox Court-house, an old farmer entered the cars, bound West, accompanied with his family — six daughters, and sundry sons and lovers. These lasses were out in their "show clothes," and were pretty of countenance; some of them were modest and maidenly, but one or two were hoydenish to the extreme. A young fellow with an almost rimless hat thrust his face into that of a sweet and very simple fifteen-year-old, and she seemed to like to have it so.

A gentleman from Richmond, of high culture, remarked, "I was in Edinburgh just after the war, and was introduced to a gentleman from Richmond, Virginia. He expressed his pleasure at seeing one from that city, and said, 'Do you think, sir, the whites and blacks will ever amalgamate?' I replied, 'said the Virginian to me, 'I do not wish to hear that word, sir; it is very disagreeable to me.' 'I beg your pardon, sir, stumbled on his British interlocutor, 'I intended no harm. I merely wished to know if you thought the whites and blacks would ultimately amalgamate.' 'I say, sir,' replied the tormented Southerner, 'I do not wish to hear that subject referred to. It is very distasteful to me, sir.'

"And yet," says that same gentleman to me, "that result stares us more and more in the face. Such people as these," pointing to the old man's daughters, "are likely to make such marriages." I accepted this new horror with compunction, and record it, as not a natural Northern, or Scotch heresy, but the dread conclusion of one of the most intelligent of Virginians.

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE

is a mile or two away from the station. That consists of a small, dirty depot, and a like small and painless house or two, under some large trees. The country around is exceedingly homely in its wintry shape, though before we reached it, some fine openings appeared. The region has all been raised over and fought over; here further progress south was stopped, and Gen. Lee gracefully surrendered slavery to liberty, the past ages to the future. It is the greatest blessing the South ever gained, and

she will yet rejoice in all her borders over that surrender, and keep its anniversary as the brightest in her annals.

THE ROANOKE VALLEY

is one of the most beautiful in America. It opens soon after leaving Lynchburg, and goes to a crossing of the Alleghenies, some five hours ride. High hills, broad valleys, winding streams, pretty farms and villages, make a perfect retreat. It is not so much known as it deserves. It is like Amenia and the region above and below it on the Harlan road, though it is broader than that enchanting valley. The cold gets stronger as we climb the hill, and the frost gathers thick on our windows, thicker than I have seen it since crossing the mountains back of Trieste, one December midnight, a decade ago. But the next day opens warmer, and

EAST TENNESSEE

is entered. Its valley is not unlike the Roanoke, but broader, and less perfect, yet its crisp air is very refreshing, and its wide fields, high and hilly, look inviting. It is hardly yet under cultivation, and will be greatly improved when Northern society and education shall uplift it. Knoxville lies high and rolling, a sightly town, at least from its depot, and oxen hitched to an omnibus tell us the epizootic is here, more properly and classically called the hipzootic.

Athens comes next, and the Tennessee Wesleyan College, with its president, and officers, and patrons, keeps us over a train. This college consists of a single brick building, four or five teachers, and about seventy students. It is pleasantly located on a hill-top, overlooking a shut-in valley, and looking out on its shutting-in hill. The valley has a little town, after the Southern type, with pretty houses, and those not so pretty, a square without beauty, and tired Sam Lawson "gin e'en" out, as of one asleep by the roadside. Wimberham is as still a town, and not more romantic.

The college is doing a good work, but will do a better when it opens its doors to all the South about it. It could have three hundred students, if only added a little more principle to its present stock. It is well located for a school, retired, central, healthy; better than Chattanooga, and no worse than Knoxville. We hope its trustees will soon add to its faith, virtue, which is another name for courage. A very enjoyable talk with some of its best friends and patrons till after midnight, at the pleasant residence of President Dean, convinced me that it needed but a little more pluck to obey this call of conscience, and put this institution in the front rank, financial and numerical, of all our Southern schools.

IN GEORGIA.

It was a long, rattling night-ride on the seats, that were without cushions, ere Kingston and Georgia gave us welcome to a frosty room and a hot breakfast. Back to big fire, and face to hot cakes, hot chicken, and hot coffee, with the door wide open, and the room as cold as all outdoors; this is a Georgia welcome, a happy admixture of Yankee and Southerner, making us both homesick and at home. It was a Northern late October morning in temperature. How it must have bit in Boston, that 14th of December! The train drags slowly, and halts an hour at

MARIETTA.

The town square is lovelier, dirtier, and prettier than that at Athens. The brown boys (hardly any, here are black), in their cotton bales, stand waiting a customer; 17 5-8 per pound is the price one of them asked; this is as sharp as the biggest cotton broker puts it, he never getting much more fractional than an eighth. It is worth 20 to 22 at Lowell. His place had raised nine bales; as each bale has four to five hundred pounds, his harvest was worth over \$700, all cash, at the nearest depot.

That is a good business, better than cash. On this square I saw a funny old negro standing guard over a pair of steers hitched to a load of corn husks. She had on an old Kossuth, and a man's jacket; she kept her hands in her pockets, and spat frequently, so that it was hard to tell which sex she belonged to. I asked her the price of her load of husks. "Four dollars." "Have you any husband?" "Only myself and God's over all," she pertly answered.

"Why don't you have a husband?" "He's no use." They puts 'em in there, pointing to a new court-house and jail. "What do they put them in there for?"

"To keep their skins from getting brown with work," she snaps out. She pointed to a quiet young gentlemanly fellow standing by as the owner of her steers, her husks, and probably once of herself. He asked her to turn her team. She couldn't or wouldn't. Thereupon a young, smart-looking colored fellow took her whip and brought them round. So it took three grown-up persons, and a boy in the wagon, to dispose of a load of husks worth four dollars. I thought the boy on the bale showed the higher wisdom, and

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

There is no wound for which Christ has not healing.

No pang of grief or bitterness of feeling;

No cross so heavy that he cannot lighten,

No way so dark but he has power to brighten.

There is no suffering but he has borne greater,

None seek so late, but find one has sought later.

And when the world has tried and failed to ease us,

We all may come and find relief in Jesus.

There is no heart so foul but He will take it,

There is no chain so strong but He can break it,

No love so lukewarm but He can renew it

If we but ask His aid, and let Him do it.

There is no tree so barren but His caring

Can change to blossoming, and ripe fruit bearing;

No soul so lost in sorrow and in sadness,

He cannot fill with sunshine and with gladness.

There is no soul so lost but Christ can find it,

No heart so broken that He cannot bind it,

No lamp so empty that He cannot fill it,

No sin so mighty that He cannot kill it.

There is no soul so sleep-bound that He can-

not wake it,

No thirst so burning that He cannot slake it,

No pang of hunger this side the dark river,

He cannot satisfy with bread forever.

Walton, Vt.

RELIGIOUS SPECIALTIES.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

Religion has an order of its own

adapted to the varied conditions of

all whom it is designed to benefit.

Appearing to men as the "one thing

needful" for them now, it suggests the

appropriate measures for its attain-

ment. Thus, David in the horrible

pit, and misery clay, beyond the reach of

human help, cried unto the Lord, and

waited patiently for Him. Nothing

could have been more appropriate.

The jailer, too, seeing that God was

with his prisoners, and that he was

fighting against God in persecuting

them, naturally sought their counsel,

and followed it. No bishop could

have suggested a wiser measure.

Saul, also, unprompted by human lips,

sought instruction from Jesus who had

arrested him by the way, and followed

it to the letter, though mortifying, and

unauthorized by any Church formulary

with which he was acquainted. Prov-

idential calls are generally accom-

panied with the needful instructions,

showing the divine forbearance and in-

tention to save.

Still, it is the duty of individuals

and associations of Christians to adopt

some order of religious service for or-

dinary occasions. Not an unalterable

one, because the Master has prescrib-

ed none, but one adapted to their con-

ditions and wants, as most denomina-

tions

have done.

It was not

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ZION'S HERALD SEMI-CENTENNIAL
JANUARY 9, 1873.

ADDRESS OF DR. F. H. NEWHALL.

Some enthusiastic journalist has said, "There is more wisdom in a number of *The Times*, than in a volume of *Thucydides*." It is a statement characteristic of our time, in conceit and exaggeration, yet there is a sense in which it is true. Suppose that there were extant a newspaper of the time of Solomon, or of Pericles, a written document which could tell us of Jerusalem or Athens, what an average daily paper tells us to-day of Boston or London, what historic volume do we know that would be so valuable as a picture of life? Let us know what was bought and sold, what was lost and found, what was eaten and drunk, what were the business, amusement, and worship, what the engrossing topic of thought and speech, in any land on any day, and the epoch could be reconstructed from the record of that day.

What the minstrel was in the heroic, and the forum in the classic age, the newspaper is to us to-day. But the song of the minstrel reached only a few hundreds, as he wandered; the voice of the orator spread to thousands; but the newspaper flies to millions. It has now become a necessity of social, moral, and intellectual life. How hard to imagine society, government, civilization, without it! Yet when the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, there was not a newspaper in the world. Elizabeth governed, Bacon philosophized, Hooker preached, and Shakespeare played, without ever seeing a newspaper. Yet it was less than two years after the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in Massachusetts Bay, that Nathaniel Butter published in England the first periodical newspaper now known, a quarter half sheet, in black letter. The history of the periodical newspaper thus runs parallel with that of our New England civilization. The parallel is most interesting and instructive. It is fit that this mighty instrument of the modern mind for diffusing thought and feeling among the millions, the instrument that was wielded like a sceptre by men like Defoe, and Swift, and Coleridge, over the masses of England, the most potent instrument ever devised for moulding public opinion, and uniting the multitudes into one body politic, is it fit, I say, that this mighty weapon of the soul should be forged just when a State was founded, built on the morals and intelligence of the masses, a State which should be for a continent the seed-plot of ideas.

When ZION'S HERALD came into existence, there was not a passenger railroad in the world. It is hard to realize that there is anybody living who can remember such a time, yet there are men sitting here who have come down from that Silurian epoch. Six years after that little sheet fluttered forth into life, the first passenger train ran from Liverpool to Manchester. The history of ZION'S HERALD thus runs parallel with the history of those wonderful inventions in locomotion and diffusion of intelligence which have revolutionized civilization.

Napoleon had just died at St. Helena, and the earth was yet rocking from his tread, when the first HERALD appeared. But Napoleon could not move an army any faster than Alexander, or send a message any more quickly than Caesar. In the methods and machinery of locomotion there had been no essential improvement since the Pharaohs. In this half century of the life of ZION'S HERALD, there has been more real improvement in locomotion and the transmission of intelligence, than in forty centuries before. It sounds strange, but it is true: when Napoleon I. went down at Waterloo, the tidings were months on the air before they penetrated through all the nations that were convulsed by his name; but when Napoleon III. gave up his sword at Sedan, we all stood round him on the field.

An enterprising Boston publisher of 1719 informed his readers that by the enlargement of his paper he was enabled to give them news newer and more acceptable, so that now they would be able to know week by week what had transpired only five months before. In Europe. He datters himself, that his enterprise will be appreciated, since they are now thirteen months behind in foreign news. Yet such were the papers that were read by the men who have made Boston historic; such papers were set up by the Franklin Brothers.

I have no time, and you have no patience, to consider now how the newspaper has revolutionized literature, the machinery of government, all our habits of thought and action. It gives everybody the little thought which old-fashioned Pope thought so dangerous a thing; enables us all to talk fluently, at least a little while, on everything, from Darwinism to credit mobilier; does our thinking for us on a thousand subjects on which, but for it, we should have no opinion whatever; if it does not make us profound, it certainly makes us ready and alert, which will serve many of life's purposes just as well; if it does not help us to be learned, it at least makes us intelligent. In our day a man crams science after science, writes profound treatises upon them, and forges all that he has written, in the time that Horace allowed his poetic wine to ripen in the amphora, before he drew it for the critical taste of those slow Roman epicures. But, whether we will or no, here we are in a newspaper age, and the projectors of ZION'S HERALD were straightforward, practical men, who understood their time, and went about their work. The HERALD was the pioneer of Methodist periodical literature in this country, and it shows a remarkable foresight and enterprise on

the part of our fathers, that in this line of religious effort they were anticipated only six years by the oldest religious body in the land, which had been on the ground more than a century and a half before them. At that time we had not a denominational school of any kind in America, and I know of only one college graduate in our New England ministry. There seems to have been no available man who was capable of holding the editorial pen, for Mr. Forbes, who wrote the opening editorial, was a Congregationalist, not entirely in good order among his own people, and therefore temporarily shamed, and willing to work cheap for the Methodists. Probably for this reason the first paper appears without any editorial name. Ah! had our chivalrous foe of the Lynn "Centuries" but heard from some malignant spirit how the HERALD was wet-nursed by Congregationalism, Wise would have had to put a fresh nib on his pen!

From this humble beginning it went on under the editorship of Cotton, Badger, and Forbes, till August 27, 1828, when it had a list of 4,700 subscribers. But by this time our New York brethren had been stirred up by the example of New England, and had started the *Advocate*. After much discussion and deliberation, it was decided that there was not sufficient patronage for two papers, and that it was expedient to merge the two periodicals into one, and issue that from New York. Accordingly we find, in August, 1828, editorial articles from Dr. Fisk and Dr. Emery, announcing that the HERALD with all its subscription lists was sold out to the *Advocate*; and Sept. 5, 1828, we find the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL* and ZION'S HERALD, N. Bangs, and B. Badger, editors.

But New England was at once restored without its paper, for in a few months we find the *GOSPEL BALANCE*, issued at Boston, by Shipley W. Wilson, whose editorials were just as long as his paper, and his pipe. Wilson was seconded by Wright, our missionary martyr, who gallantly caught the flag from Cox as he fell on the sands of Africa.

In the opening of the second decade, the smoke of the Charlestown Convention rises over the pages, and the youthful Kingsbury gallantly rallies the hosts against the "Man of Sin." Here, too, we hear the first crash of the "Great Iron Wheel," sturdy rolled back upon the Salem "Landmark."

Now come signs of the end of the world. Nebuchadnezzar's image comes striding forward, and Daniel's terrible beasts come glowering out of their dens, and go roaring and ravaging down the pages. We well remember how our childish eyes expanded with wonder over these horned monsters, and especially how we were astonished at the meekness of the ram as he stood up to take the horn of the he-goat between his eyes. Campbell and Litch, Cox and Whedon, stirred up these terrible animals; and, O! how they roared! Chronological and historical disquisitions, studded all over with formidable columns of figures, bristling with great horns and little horns, resounding with seven times seventy trumpets and thunders, went rolling on solemnly, week after week, through these quaking years.

And yet, mingling with the echoes of this conflict, are the first ominous mutterings of another, far longer, and far more terrible, that conflict which was to shake Church and nation to the very centre. Our war of Rebellion proved the great national struggle by seventeen years, and the ill-omened Plan of Separation was sadly prophetic, in the eyes of statesmen like Webster, of a national disruption, while at the same time it demonstrated to all thoughtful minds that a peaceful separation of these States was impossible. Scott was our Ajax in this fight, while Porter, Crandall, Adams, and other captains steadily led their files into the melee. Brown was editor as the combat deepened, but he laid down the baton at last in weariness, after having waved it well in that stormy time, and it was taken up by Stevens. Then, indeed, we hear the roar of battle, the "thunder of the captains, and the shouting." It was the hour for a man, and it was the man for the hour. Now the editorials ring like war bulletins. The larum proclaims that Achille himself has taken the field. We may have had other soldiers who would have fought as well with like opportunities, but it is no disparagement to those who went before, and came after to say, that that was the brilliant epoch of ZION'S HERALD.

The Boston Wesleyan Association, without securing the least pecuniary profit from this enterprise, or compensation for their services, often, on the other hand, being obliged to stand individually under heavy financial responsibilities, simply from love of the gospel as taught by Methodism, have for these last forty-two years maintained an independent Methodist paper in Boston. It is also known, that more than to any other cause, it is due to the energy, prudence, and faithfulness of FRANKLIN RAND, who put the best thirty years of his life into the HERALD, that it has been financial success, and that, in consequence, this Association promises to do much greater things to those who went before, and came after to say, that that was the brilliant epoch of ZION'S HERALD.

For the quarter century that followed our Church Rebellion, through the dark days of Judge Taney, Pierce, and Buchanan, Secession and Civil War, we have had good and true men at this editorial helm. Wise, and President Haven, Cobleigh, and Bishop Haven piloted the ship well among those stormy seas, while Rand's tall, military form ever loomed grandly from the decks, and our pennon hovered bravely in the sulphur smoke.

But though the thunders of this great battle died away, the HERALD for the last decade by no means ceased to be one of the forces of the Church militant. In fact this is, above all others, its belligerent epoch. But it was not the grim warfare of the olden time, but a genial, almost jolly belligerency, which hated evil, yet loved to see it rear its head,

"With that stern joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel."

It was not the bludgeon of our heroic age but it was Damascus steel, that rang on the harness with a warrior music to gladden the heart of a knight-errant. This will be a tame universe to Bishop Haven after the Devil is chained,

"Please don't, Michael," I can almost hear him say. If there ever was an editor who slept in harness, and smelt the battle afar off, it was the last editor of ZION'S HERALD. As he dropped the pen, the temple of Janus seemed to close. But Julius has passed the scepter to Augustus, whom God preserve!

Allow a lesson or two in conclusion.

As we glance over these files, we see on the surface infinite traces of hard, dogged work; but, as we look beneath, we see this work to have been inspired by a steady, quenchless enthusiasm, caught from the heart of Christ. Tyndall traces all terrestrial forces to the sun; these moral forces all come from the Sun of Righteousness. Ambition doubtless did much, sectarian zeal and pride of opinion perhaps more, but still, if these hosts of workers, known and unknown, could have formulated in a line the secret of their amazing activity and success, it would have been the ex-

pression of Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Again; our American Methodism has hitherto, year by year, been wrestling with the present, and has had little leisure to look on. Its literature has sprung from emergencies, and has generally faded with those emergencies. These ancient controversies are vanished ghosts, save as evoked by the studious historian. So, soon, will it be with most of the controversies of to-day. But there are also truths that belong to the whole Church, to all time, and there is a literature in which such truths get crystallized for ages. We have very little of such literature as yet, but it is not time? Our administrators do well to answer the calls of the present, though Thomas wrote lines that the future also will read, but all are not called to administer. Some should have patience and faith to discover and set new gems for the diadem of Truth, of the Church Universal.

Again; we have here recounted successes, victories, triumphs. But there have also been mistakes, retreats, defeats. It is allowable now to speak of the grave errors of our historic men. They were so good and wise that they would rejoice, if present with us to-day, to have their errors made a lesson to their children. And one of these lessons is, "Always trust the truth." Our great administrators, like Hedding and Fisk, were sometimes fearful that if the whole truth were spoken, frankly and fearlessly, it would explode the ecclesiastical machinery; and our great reformers, like Waters and Scott, could not wait for Truth to assert her majestic might. So some of our venerated administrators wasted their energies in striving to throttle the volcano, while many of our admired and beloved reformers have died broken-hearted. Had brave men, like Scott, been braver, and wise men, like Fisk and Hedding, been wiser, the Church might have saved the State, and the stain of American Slavery would not have been wiped out in blood. Had the Methodist Church done all her duty, our civil war had never been; but perhaps this is too much to ask of human nature.

The arguments for lay representation which have just prevailed, were all spread out before the Church at the General Conference of 1824. But the HERALD's first decade strenuously opposed the reform which its last decade has advocated. Yet the arguments were just as good in 1824 as in 1868. Why could not the Church have heard them then, and saved the Protestant Methodist secession? Orange Scott stood in 1840 just where every Methodist stood in 1860. Could he have waited ten years, or the Church have leaped forward ten years, there would have been no Wesleyan Methodist Church founded. But on the other hand, perhaps the Church needed the stern lessons of these secessions in order to open her eyes. Perhaps these secessions were the inevitable throes of development. Perhaps we are to look upon the many good and true men who followed Waters from 1830 to 1840, and Scott from 1840 to 1850, as martyrs to the cause of the truth, as sacrifices on the altar of the Church. Let us at this hour remember them with tenderness and charity.

We may also learn that probably even we have not yet entered into all the truth. There are new discoveries yet to be made, both in polity and doctrine, which wise men will watch for in prayerful earnestness. Our creed and our polity, if living, each will grow, like the body, to meet new and enlarging demands of the soul; if dead, it will cramp like a coffin. May the Church and the HERALD live forever!

BY F. H. NEWHALL.

It is the love of Christ constraineth us.

Among the wheat to grow.

Then, Boston saw a startling sight,

One winter's morn, soon after light —

A winged HERALD, all bedight,

Just fifty years ago.

In flowing robes, that reached his heels,

Self-moving, like the prophet's wheels,

His long the horn blew such appeals,

As started all below;

The warden hurries to the walls,

The strong portcullis thundering falls,

While knights polemize, cry, "Who calls?"

Just fifty years ago.

I wis some faces turned sky-blue;

Some doubters said, "It can't be true!"

Some flying, cry, "It-est-perdeve!"

"The dehage next will flow;"

But still, the sun rose as before,

The billows beat the sounding shore,

While ZION her first HERALD bore,

Just fifty years ago.

Poor bantling! swathed in winter's snows,

Whoth sponsor, one, who hardly knows

Whether he's on his head or toes —

An outcast here below;

His coat, Geneva cut, his purse

Was light; he thought he might do worse,

Thau take this Methodist child to nurse,

Just fifty years ago.

But oh, such pap! well, Heaven forefend!

Our modern brains now reel and bend,

As tolling, panting to ascend,

Heights, which, to him were low.

His shots fell like the rattling hail,

Vain was the foeman's boasted mail;

He smashed the man of straw with fail.

Then, fifty years ago.

He roared, wrapped in the Lion's skin,

No matter what was hid within,

He had his pay, was bound to win,

On the field lie low;

"Twould spread a smile o'er Wesley's face,"

This strange conjunction here to trace,

Arminian views, with "points of grace,"

Then fifty years ago.

See Kingsbury on the tripod then,

In sooth, he held a manly pen,

But lost in "New Jerusalem" fen,

He lingers still below;

But when he rises, 'tis our prayer

No bitter portion he may share,

Than edit ZION'S HERALD there —

As here, so long ago.

But ah! this line we may not trace,

Nor here will each noble face

Who in this editorial race,

Their paces once did show;

Enough, each toller leaves a name;

That magic chair has power to inflame

The heart with hopes of rising fame,

Since fifty years ago.

But ah! this line we may not trace,

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NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1872.

Your kind note of the 20th inst., is received, inviting me to attend the ZION'S HERALD anniversary on January 9th, ensuing. I have made arrangements to visit the Southern Conferences this winter, three of which meet on January 8th. I regret that I cannot be with you. Personally it is a great disappointment not to be able to meet the conductors of ZION'S HERALD once more, on what must be so interesting and pleasant an occasion.

I trust greatly in the HERALD to help on the educational interests of the Church, as heretofore, and hope yet frequently to meet you at some of your gatherings.

Very truly yours,

E. O. HAVEN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1872.

I regret that I cannot share in your festival. My local engagements will not allow me the pleasure. The dear old HERALD deserves a grand celebration on the occasion. What a work for the Church and the world has it done in these fifty years!

It originated our Church journalism, now the strongest in the religious world. It was the first organ of abolitionism, in the denomination, and fought, alone and almost desperately, that great battle for humanity, through many years.

It was the first of our journals to advocate ministerial education, and had to withstand all the other presses of the Church in that controversy.

It was the first of our organs that opened its columns to the advocates of lay representation in our Conferences; for when the last and victorious campaign, for that great change, was begun by a few brethren in Philadelphia, they were excluded from the New York, and other Methodist papers, and had to appeal to the public through ZION'S HERALD.

It has led the denomination in all these great interests. Its power and usefulness, direct in New England, and indirect through out the Church, has been immeasurable. May God uphold it to the end of time!

Affectionately,

ABEL STEVENS.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — *Num. xii. 21.*

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

— The January number of the *Missionary Herald* contains the "Annual Survey of the Missions of the Board," from which we learn the following facts: The Board has 16 missions. — The Zulu Mission, Africa; European Turkey; Western Turkey; Central Turkey; Eastern Turkey; Mahratta; Madura; Ceylon; Foochow; North China; Japan; Micronesia; Dakota; Spain; Austrian Empire; and Mexico. It has 77 stations and 445 out-stations. Number of ordained missionaries (8 being physicians) 134; physicians not ordained, 7; other Male Assistants, 5; Female Assistants, 195; number of laborers sent from this country, 341; number of native pastors, 95; native preachers and catechists, 242; school teachers, 419; native helpers, 189; whole number of laborers connected with the missions, 1,286. Its press has been active, having printed 7,947,870 pages. It has 173 churches; 9,019 church members; 919 added to the churches during the year. Number of training and theological schools, 12; boarding-schools for girls, 20; common schools, 462; pupils in common schools, 15,480; in the training and theological schools and station classes, 294; in boarding-schools for girls, 541; other adults under instruction, 807; whole number of pupils, 17,122. This is one of the greatest missionary forces of the world, and is doing great good in the vast fields of its operations. We have not space here to notice these fields and the rich spiritual harvest gathered in them the past year. The good work is prospering in them all, and their 1,286 laborers are encouraged in their sacrificing toils as never before.

SIGNIFICANT. — It is well known that Dr. Hepburn has prepared a Japanese-English and English-Japanese Dictionary, which, with an elegantly bound copy of the Holy Bible, he presented through Minister DeLong to the Mikado. The presentation was made with ceremony, without which it would have had no significance with the Japanese. The gift was received, and in an autograph letter from the Mikado, proper acknowledgment of it was made. This is significant, as such a gift but a short time since would not have been received. It shows the great change taking place in that country in reference to Christianity. Dr. Hepburn is translating the Bible into Japanese. He is now on his trip around the world, and after spending a little time in this country, will return to prosecute his great work of giving the Bible to the millions of Japan in their native tongue.

WOMAN IN JAPAN. — *The Woman's Union Missionary Society* has received a letter from Miss Pruyne, dated Yokohama, Japan, in which she gives the following description of woman in that country. Read it:

"Perhaps in no country in the world does the vice of licentiousness prevail to the extent it does in this. Riding a short time ago in the suburbs of this city, my friend pointed out to me a square of native houses, probably containing about sixty or seventy, surrounded by a wide moat, in which he told me the licensed prostitution of the city is carried on. The victims are the fairest, the choicest young girls of the place. They are sold by their parents, and the more beautiful they are, the higher price they command. The bargain is generally made for a certain number of years — five, eight, ten, twelve, and so on. From the time they enter those 'gates of hell,' till their sentence expires, they are never allowed to cross that moat, and the close confinement and their wicked habits gradually terminate their lives before they reach the period of their liberation."

"My friend said that from eight hundred to a thousand were confined to that square. A few years ago the place took fire, and more than half the inmates

were consumed; but before the building could be replaced, the applications to fill the places of the poor victims were more than those who were destroyed.

"This is precisely what is found in every city in this land, and from it you may judge what is the state of morals here, and what the imperative need of the gospel of Jesus — the only effectual renovation of society, as it is of the individual heart. And the women of this country are ready for the light of truth and purity. They are beginning to sigh for something, they know not what, that shall break the chains of their bondage, and lift them from their fearful degradation. The rulers — those in positions of influence and authority are beginning to see the importance of some measures to accomplish this. They do not desire Christianity, but they do desire education; and they are willing that Christian women shall go into their families to instruct their wives and daughters."

J. S. L.

DEATH OF MINISTERS.

IN THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

IN 1872.

Christian women of the Church, can you not do something to save the thousands of wretched heathen women of Japan, China, and India? Are you members of the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, and do you take and read the *Heathen Woman's Friend?*"

APOSTOLIC MISSIONS IN THE EAST.

It is not a little remarkable that our only record of apostolic labors brings us westward from Jerusalem, and that very little is said about the evangelization of the eastern world. Nor is it less remarkable that but few of the apostles figure, to any great extent, in the apostolic narrative. They had all received the same commission, bidding them "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Nor is it fair to infer that all were not alike obedient and active. But where were their fields of labor? Many of them did not appear in the West. If they labored at all, it must have been in the East.

The great attraction, moreover, would seem to lie in the East. Both of the captivities, and many of the emigrations of the Jews, traveled eastward; and the tastes and curiosity of the Jews leaned in that direction. The elect of grace among the twelve tribes were to be gathered out of those tribes, while scattered throughout Arabia, Persia, India, and China, as well as Parthia, Bithynia, and the western world. And when, in vision, John beheld the sealing of that elect, of twelve thousand from each tribe, the angel ascended from the East, where the sealing evidently took place, and where, alone, perhaps, sufficient numbers of other places is precious.

Our systematic, brave, and hard-working Brother A. Folsom, who died in Raymond, March 31, last, had been a member of our Conference some thirty-six years. According to his expressed wish, —

"He ceased at once to work and live."

C. R. Homan, once a wanderer in the darkness of infidelity, was powerfully converted to God in 1847, and at once sought to "build up what he had once attempted to destroy." He was admitted to the Conference twenty years since, then toiled hard for the good cause thirteen years, but failing in health, was then superannuated. He died at Lake Village, April 4th, last, aged 62 years. "These all died in the faith," after a very brief sickness, typhoid pneumonia, within the same week.

Brother Henry Nutter, near my own age, I have known for nearly forty years, first when he was a student at Norwich, Vt. He became a member of Conference thirty-eight years ago. As an earnest, cheerful, and useful man of God, he "made full proof of his ministry." He died in Rochester, N. H. (I have not the date of it before me.) He also sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference.

Benj. R. Hoyt was my first Presiding Elder forty years ago. He had then been a member of Conference for twenty-three years. Even then he was often familiarly called "Father Hoyt." His large experience, extensive observations, and comprehensive mind enabled him to be a wise counselor and valuable guide to young ministers. Some of us in our early ministry, received much profit by his many and timely practical suggestions and instructions. He died Oct. 3d, last, at Salem, N. H., aged 84 years.

N. D. Adams was a probationer in the Conference, has left an honorable though brief record among us.

Warren Wilbur, who died at Fremont, Dec. 9, aged 77, was a member of our Conference forty-eight years. Though for years past on the superannuated list, yet in his earlier ministry was one of our very hard-working, and useful ministers.

Richard Newhall died at Windsor, Vt., and was buried the same week as Brother Wilbur. He had been a member of Conference forty-five years, and was one of our most discreet, affectionate, and useful preachers, greatly beloved by all, and his death will be deeply lamented. Some of us reeked him among our best ministerial friends.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! The hand now employed in making these records, in memory of our excellent recent co-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, was fully expected during many months of 1871 and '72, to be pained in death, is yet among the living! These men of God then were mostly in comfortable health!

"We a little longer wait,

But how little none can know."

The death of these eight ministers, in the brief space of nine months, is without parallel in our history as a Conference.

May we who remain, seek to be as well prepared as were they, for "an entrance to be administered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

N. CULVER.

BRISTOL, N. H., Dec. 31, 1872.

OWING to the scarcity of vegetables and the plenty of diamonds in Arizona, the miners are now swapping with the farmers even, karat for carrot.

"We all owe something to our country," as the man said who went abroad without having paid his income tax.

Boston, Mass.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Springfield (Vt.) District Ministerial Association, Jan. 28
New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting, at Pleasant Street, New Bedford, Feb. 3-5
Clarendon District Preachers' Meeting, at Keene, N. H., Feb. 12, 13
Dover District Ministerial Association, at Dover, N. H., Feb. 12, 13
Fall River District Conference, at the First Church, Fall River, Feb. 24

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1873.

EDUCATION OF COLORED PREACHERS.

We are glad Dr. E. O. Haven, the secretary of our Board of Education, is making an extended visitation of the Southern Conferences. He will learn, by personal contact and conversation, the exact condition, as to mental development and training, of the ministers now chiefly supplying Biblical and spiritual instruction to our colored membership that portion of the Union. In conversation lately with a very intelligent colored minister of our Church at the North, and with a professor in one of our institutions, who has lately been in familiar intercourse with a judge of the United States Court, whose circuit has embraced several of our Southern States, we have received an additional stronger impression of the probable evil consequences that must result from the prevailing lack of the most ordinary education and mental culture, on the part of a large number of the members of these Southern Conferences.

The effect upon the legislation of the Southern States of inexperience and ignorance has been painfully evident since the war. Our new citizens have, many of them, been made the dupes of designing men from the North, or the victims of their own unrestrained appetites and passions. The effect must be more serious in the management of Church organizations. The colored people have been proverbially religious. Their helpless outward condition has made them prize the comforts of inward communion with God, and the enjoyment of such simple outward means of grace as they were permitted to establish among themselves. Their religion has been sincere; saints, like "Uncle Tom," have not been rare among them. Singularly clear and positive views of the experimental work of the Holy Spirit have been apprehended and illustrated in meek and gentle and trusting lives, amid bitter external trials and sorrows. But pity with them has been largely emotional, not a little visionary, attended with much bodily exercise, and often lacking the foundation of an intelligent apprehension of scripture truth, and the simplest principles of morality.

They have, heretofore, enjoyed, in a degree, the instructions of educated white ministers; but naturally enough they turn away from those who had held so forbidding a relation to them as owners and masters, and seek, with newly-relished freedom, the unrestrained liberties of their own voluntarily chosen religious teachers. Their preachers, as general fact, are but little, if any, in advance of their hearers, in education. They cannot read their Bibles, many of them, or write their own names. They are sincere, have a well-defined religious experience, perhaps, a ready and flowery delivery, and understand, better than other persons, the character and tastes of their audiences. But these men, a great proportion of them, upon whom, in the serious pressure of the work, episcopal hands have been laid, and who have been thrust out into the field to gather and establish churches, are utterly illiterate, undefended against any untoward influences that may reach them, unstable in doctrinal views, and in morals, also to a degree, and subject to be led astray or to lead astray their flocks at any time.

No permanency can be hoped for the Southern work unless men, trained at least in the rudiments of knowledge, become its leaders. The people will not rise above their pastors. It is better that the work be prosecuted more deliberately and on a more limited scale, than that it be hurried beyond the providential provision that can be secured. Christ did not make haste, although the world was in peril. He came in the "fullness of time," and waited until he reached the legal age, before he commenced his evangelical labors.

There is no interest of the Church at the South more vital at this moment than its educational. Its seminaries for the training of ministers merit the fullest sympathy and the largest gifts of our people. They embody the success and permanence, with God's blessing, of the Southern work. Public schools, by the States, by the Peabody fund, and through the agency of such societies as our Freedmen's Aid, are being established in various portions of these States. The children of the next generation have a fair opportunity of securing a limited amount of education. Holding, as the colored people do, the balance of political power, we cannot be too earnest in pressing the matter of common school education among them. Neither the choice of magistrates, nor the offices of government can be safely intrusted to ignorant men. But the leaders of the people, the teachers of public morals, and of a pure religion, must be men of some cultivation. When the slave was shut up to God, the Divine compassion vouchsafed to appear to him in visions and manifestations, as He did to the ancients before the Script-

ures were collected; but God never passes out of established laws when they are available. We owe, as a nation, to these people, the training, at any expense, of which they have been deprived, for which they are now suffering, and for which God demands for them at our hand.

The introduction of a larger element of utterly uneducated preachers into the Conferences, can but be attended with evil results. Men from the North, a few well-trained men, can work with, as helpers and exhorters, many of the warm-hearted but illiterate men who have the gift of speaking, and the grace of piety. But let not these utterly unfitted brethren be hurried into ministerial orders and burdened with solemn responsibilities that they cannot meet.

We shall look with great interest to the report of his visit which Secretary Haven may make upon his return, and be ready to afford all the influence of our paper to him and to Dr. Rust in the work of training skillful laborers for this interesting portion of the Master's vineyard.

THE TRIAL OF HUMANITY.

The Berean Lessons for the year upon which we have just entered, bring before our Sunday-schools, and especially their adult departments, some of the grave problems that are now vexing the public mind. We have no wish to avoid them, but are rather glad of the opportunity of meeting them. We heartily believe that investigation rightly conducted will lead to the intelligent apprehension of the truth, and that science, so far as it is able to speak with clearness, will confirm the Mosaic record.

The lessons for January, conduct us into the earliest account of the entrance of sin into the world, the only account which sheds light upon the fact of universal human sinfulness. The whole Bible is constructed in accordance with the literal exactness of the account. It is connected with the promise of redemption, the thread upon which the entire Old Testament is strung, and the key to the facts and doctrines of the New. Begin at the last verse of the Bible, and follow backward, step by step the idea of salvation, and we come to the promise made to our first parents in Eden. The promise must have had an occasion, and the occasion which had so marked an effect upon the counsels of God and the history and relations of man, is found only in the transgression of our first parents.

But right here spring up questions which have more or less occupied the mightiest minds. Not only is skeptical thought exceedingly busy in its array against the view of them which connects itself with the Christian system, but its friends are by no means slack or indolent in their endeavors to solve the mysteries which lie back of the recorded facts. Mysteries they are likely to remain, but the very constitution of the human mind impels the attempt to penetrate them. We cannot be content with bare facts. It is not in human nature. In science, no sooner are facts obtained than we attempt their classification, and begin to infer their laws. We find the fact of sin, and the added fact of its entailment upon the race, with all its results of wretchedness and woe. We inevitably ask, why this? where was its origin and what its cause? why the commandment? why the possibility of sin? why should a Being of infinite goodness, create a universe in which such calamities and wretchedness are possible? If he could have prevented them, why did he not? and if he could not have created a universe in which evil would be impossible, why create at all?

As these lessons have induced this line of thought, the masterly work of Dr. Laurens P. Hickok* that made its appearance, early in the late autumn, has recurred to our mind, the purpose of which is to shed some light upon these inquiries, and present the full idea of Humanity in a history commencing with man's creation, and continuing to the end of time. If we ask, why the possibility of sin? his reply is, the nature of the case, because of man's competency to attain moral character, which is possible only through trial and discipline. God saw fit to give man the endowment of a rational spirit, by which he stands at the head of the animal kingdom, and is enabled to pursue an end of life which other sentient beings cannot attain. "It is not a matter of choice, but necessity in the case itself, that humanity must be fully tested, since veteran courage and inflexible integrity can be gained and established, only through the discipline of sore temptation and intense opposition."

Nor was the method of the trial prescribed solely from the sovereign will of the Creator. There are certain principles that of necessity direct it, such as that the trial must be early imposed, and not allowed to come up fortuitously; it must put the questions of obedience and disobedience, squarely in opposition; it must be attended with a clear, plain announcement before-hand of the consequences of transgression; and a passing the ordeal must be a condition of future bliss. These

* *Humanity Immortal; or, Man Tried and Redeemed.* By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D. LL. D., 8vo., pp. 362. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

principles we find controlling the trial. The command was imposed at the outset; the test was in the subjection of appetite to conscience; the consequences of disobedience were clearly declared. As the trial was a necessity, the arrangement was thus made the best for a favorable issue.

There was no sin in seeing that the forbidden fruit was good for food, or that it might make one wise, or in failing a moving of the appetite for it, or in being the subject of a tempting solicitation. The tempter was responsible for his endeavor to inflame appetite and stifle conscience; the tempted to be stiffer, reason to be blinded, hard thoughts of God indulged, and then obligation and duty to be trampled upon. A careful analysis of the narrative plainly exhibits the operations of the woman's mind, and shows her sin to have been entirely her own. The trial failed, but through no fault of God. Destruction is averted only by the publication of a plan of redemption, whose gradual providential unfolding is in part narrated in Genesis. Dr. Hickok's volume may profitably be read in connection with these studies, as an aid to an understanding of the mystery of sin and redemption.

FAITH FOR DEFINITE BLESSINGS.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

It took four thousand years to unravel the scroll of the sacred Scriptures, "to import God into knowledge," in the style of Dr. Bushnell. The patriarchal and Jewish dispensations were occupied by the disclosure and ineradicable inculcation of the divine unity upon one nation amid surrounding polytheism. To have taught the trial personality of God before the firm establishment of His oneness of substance might have overtaken mankind in the period of their early theological pupillage. The first words taught to every child in the Jewish nursery for more than three thousand years, are these: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." Faith in this truth, such as inspired obedience, was saving under the dispensations before Christianity. It is saving now to all who have no higher revelation. What need, then, have we of any clearer and more definite manifestation of the nature of God? Why should He reveal the unthinkable fact of His threefold personality, and require our faith to mount to heights so far above reason? This is a question which the Angels might well approach with bashful tread. It is certain that He has not taken me into His councils. Here I walk by faith. Faith says that the higher revelation of God, and the new requirement of faith in the Trinity, proceed from the gracious purpose to bestow richer blessings upon the believer in a dispensation "rather glorious." Such is the nature of the human soul, and probably of all finite spirits, that faith creates and measures its capacity for spiritual good. By this gate alone does God enter. Hence it follows that He would make an advanced revelation of Himself, requiring a higher upreaching of faith, when He should purpose to fill us with His fullness. It will not now be sufficient to believe in one God, as do the trembling demons. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, in His offices of Prophet or Teacher, Priest and King, and the Holy Ghost, as our Regenerator, Spirit of Adoption, and Sanctifier, must be specifically grasped by our faith. Hence we should look for little spirituality where these distinctive truths of the Gospel are little preached, and for much spiritual power and deep religious experience where they are distinctly taught and received with the least intermixture of error, and without disproportionate emphasis upon ritualism. Church history will sustain this assertion. There is always a spiritual decline whenever Christ and the Holy Spirit have a secondary place in preaching; and there is always a revival when the "whole counsel of God," the Father, Son, and Spirit, is faithfully presented in the pulpit. Of many individual believers it may be truthfully said that their spiritual life is feeble and sickly because they fail to grasp Christ and the Comforter in all their distinct offices. Thousands are faintly moving, with languid steps, along the heavenly path, who might run with gladness, surmounting every obstacle and overthrowing every foe by their resistless momentum, if they would only persistently endeavor to "know the exceeding greatness of Christ's power to usward who believe." Thousands of sincere souls are harassed and weakened by perpetual doubts, simply because they do not render due honor to the third person of the Trinity when trusting Him to do the work of His office, certifying their sonship by "the spirit of adoption." They do not stifle themselves up to take hold of the blessed assurance, and to insist that the divine seal be impressed upon them by the Holy Ghost. They live in constant disregard of the second pungent inference from Wesley's sermon on the "Wisdom of the Spirit," "Let none rest in any supposed fruit of the Spirit without the witness." The natural consequence of this absence of "the Spirit of adoption," crying in their hearts, "Abba, Father," is a perpetual oscillation between hope and fear, sorrowfully singing,—

"It is a point I long to know;
Of it bringeth anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I His, or am I not?"

Instead of this they might be exultingly singing,—

"O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Merry, free, boundless mercy cries."

I am convinced that this unsatisfactory and unmethodistic experience, too prevalent in our churches, is chargeable in part to the failure of our preachers to specialize this blessing, the common privilege of all believers. Hear Mr. Wesley,—"Generally wherever the gospel is preached in a clear and scriptural manner, more than ninety-nine in a hundred do know the exact time when they are justified." This is the testimony of a man more competent, from personal observation, to express a reliable opinion than any since the apostolic age, for he visited all his societies annually, and met them in class, and put to each member searching test questions which went into the very core of his being. That was the style of class-leading in his day. But no such proportion of conversions with the direct witness now obtains at our altars. The failure is not in the gospel, which is a changeless stream of power emanating from the living Christ, "the same yesterday, and to day, and forever." Where then is the failure? Let every preacher examine his sermons, and see whether he has made "the Spirit of Adoption" conspicuous in his ministry. Another office of the Spirit is that of purification. He is the Sanctifier. Beginning this work in the new birth by implanting love to God, the purifying principle, He continues it until perfect love casteth out fear. That this consummation may take place long before death, has never been a disputed question with Methodists. That it was specialized by their great founder, with increasing emphasis till his dying day, no man the earth can candidly deny, after reading Tyerman's Life and Times of John Wesley. That this magnifying of the office of the Sanctifier produced such Christian characters as Bramwell, Hester Ann Rogers, the seraphic Fletcher, and his saintly wife, and many others unknown to fame, but precious jewels in the crown of Jesus, is as certain as the sequence of any effect after its cause.

These results were not the work of chance. There was a distinctive faith which grasped this prize. This faith came from preaching which honored the Sanctifier by dwelling emphatically upon His office, and not by the use of "glittering generalities" gliding smoothly over it like a snored note in music. It must be borne in mind that the Holy Spirit is the most sensitive person of the Godhead. If blasphemy against Him is unpardonable, the slighting of any of His offices must not only grieve Him, but also deprive the soul of the blessings which it is His prerogative to bestow. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, where ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

WHAT HINDERS?

The *Methodist Recorder* (Wesleyan) of Dec. 20, contains an interesting editorial under the title of, "The present position of Wesleyan Methodism." This title is the subject of a pamphlet, just issued by a Wesleyan member of Parliament — William Shepherd Allen, esq., to the writing of which its able and honored author had devoted the vacation which followed the last session of the British Parliament. The editor, very naturally, considers it a hopeful sign of the times when statesmen devote the intermissions from their public duties to such studies and labors as this.

We have just now seen a card printed for circulation by the pastor of one of the oldest Congregational churches in Central Massachusetts; a church, which has long been blessed with the labors of the most cultivated ministers and men of the finest taste. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; but which nothing could be more proper, and worthy of imitation. On the reverse side, however, of the card, considering the Church from which it is issued, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbath of the current month:

"Deformed Feet," "The Strange Contents of a Lost Trunk," "The Tragic History of a White Lie," "Frosted Locks," "Go to Jericho" (we can easily see, under this topic, how an admirable practical application of the subject might be made to the preacher), "Beautiful Shoes; their Prophetic suggestiveness," "Salt Again."

And this is preaching the gospel, in the Year of our Lord 1873! and in the centre of Christian civilization! We are not at all surprised to learn from a friend, who heard him, that the preacher entered his pulpit with lavender kids upon his hands, which he only removed as he commenced his sermon. In the afternoon he wore more appropriate black, with one hand ungloved during the preliminary services. Neither were we surprised that the house is crowded. A minister at our elbow, who, like the senior Dr. Beecher, sometimes plays upon a violin, says, he doubts not he could crowd his house of worship, if he should announce that in the midst of his discourse he would favor his audience with a specimen of his proficiency with a fiddle. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; but which nothing could be more proper, and worthy of imitation. On the reverse side, however, of the card, considering the Church from which it is issued, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbath of the current month:

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We are not at all surprised to learn from a friend, who heard him, that the preacher entered his pulpit with lavender kids upon his hands, which he only removed as he commenced his sermon. In the afternoon he wore more appropriate black, with one hand ungloved during the preliminary services. Neither were we surprised that the house is crowded. A minister at our elbow, who, like the senior Dr. Beecher, sometimes plays upon a violin, says, he doubts not he could crowd his house of worship, if he should announce that in the midst of his discourse he would favor his audience with a specimen of his proficiency with a fiddle. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; but which nothing could be more proper, and worthy of imitation. On the reverse side, however, of the card, considering the Church from which it is issued, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbath of the current month:

"Deformed Feet," "The Strange Contents of a Lost Trunk," "The Tragic History of a White Lie," "Frosted Locks," "Go to Jericho" (we can easily see, under this topic, how an admirable practical application of the subject might be made to the preacher), "Beautiful Shoes; their Prophetic suggestiveness," "Salt Again."

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II.—his son, who succeeded him in 1819—abolished idolatry, and introduced Christianity. He was succeeded by his brother in 1824, who banished the Roman Catholic missionaries, thereby getting into difficulties with France, but he was supported by the English troops. In 1844 the independence of the country was officially recognized by Great Britain and the United States. A constitutional form of government was introduced in 1851. Kamehameha IV. ascended the throne in 1854, married Emma Rooker, the daughter of an English physician, in 1856, and died in 1863, when the king succeeded him, who manifested throughout his reign a desire to promote reform and increase the commerce and industries of his kingdom, but was generally known as a man of easy disposition, and not a member of any total abstinence society.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

After long and careful consideration, the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Hanover Street has voted to unite with Grace Church, and to sell its valuable property, upon which, however, there is considerable indebtedness, for business purposes. The ultimate object, we believe, of the united churches is to build a large central edifice. The occasion of this movement, is the rapid removal of Protestant families from the north end of the city,

The Family.

SONG OF THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

BY DR. SIMON TUCKER CLARK.

Never was a stranger story by the pen of prophet told,
In that grandest of all histories — the Wonder-Book of old,
Than the story of the Hebrews in the fiery-furnace-glow.
When a spirit walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego!

But I marvel how that monarch called the Fourth One by his name,
When as yet, so many years must pass before Messiah came.

As the Lord of life and glory, with the sons of men to talk;

And with carpenters and fishermen, by Galilee to walk.

Oh! Those crucified and risen! when eternity began,
Thou wert counseling the Godhead for the happiness of man;

From the rolling world's creation has thy precious blood been shed,

And a crown of thorns been plaited for a more than royal head.

In the furnace of affliction though my soul be sorely tried,
I can never be quite overcome with Jesus by my side;

For may not a sinful soul to-day, the Master see and know,

As well as did that wicked king three thousand years ago?

THIRTEEN.

BY JENNY BURR.

Biddy was determined to "set." The fact that four of her sisters had already furnished a sufficient number of chickens, wasn't of the least consideration with her. Also to the suggestion that one good-sized egg every day — eggs being forty cents a dozen — was all that could reasonably be asked of her. She shook her head with decision, bristled her feathers, and sat.

But her nest was not, to say the least, easy of access. On the contrary, it was one of the superhuman undertakings to get to it. Not being of rope-walking proclivities, it was not a matter of excessive enjoyment, for the sake of one egg, to scale a high wall, cross a narrow beam bridging dizzy depths, descend a precipitous side, and plunge one's hand into the unknown cavern of a dilapidated barrel.

What attractions this dismal obscurity possessed to the mind of a hen, is an unknown problem. It is certain that neither argument nor art could induce her to change quarters. The sight of thirteen eggs, long, oval, white, and shining, deposited in an inaccessible and every way charming locality, handfuls of corn being thrown alluringly near, made no impression on her. Biddy gulped down the corn, and departed to deep Tartarus.

Hens know their rights, and quietly take them. There was nothing to do but make the fearful journey, and transport the eggs below, then wait uncertainly for the sequel.

The first faint, querulous cries from the depths awakened lively curiosity. As these increased in number and volume, our adventurous soul was adured, and we descended with a basket.

I take pleasure in believing that there exist courageous mortals who dare stand by the nest of a "setting" hen, and pull her off. As for us, we dare not. Biddy was more belligerent than any artillery. Every feather of her bristled with hostility. She was excessively abrupt; violent dives and plunges were accompanied by a voice, which though not of thunder, was far more alarming. So we seized upon a long stick, and applying the lever, made a lift. After various abortive attempts, Biddy was violently expelled, and a collection of broken egg-shells, legs, and puff-balls became dimly visible.

Thirteen eggs! But who should expect the baker's dozen of chickens? Not an egg remained; only shells. It was therefore to be supposed there were thirteen chickens; but after a military engagement with Biddy, which terminated decidedly in her favor, only three of these were to be found; moreover, not a chirp was heard.

But we were not to be cheated out of the three, and they were summarily laid hold of, and carried to upper air, Biddy flying tempestuously after. Then followed a patient lying-in-wait and listening of ten minutes, at the end of which period two or three voices from below vouchsafed to lift them selves in lamentation, and we started.

After poking about in the straw, exploring every conceivable nook and crevice, long intervals of silence were scattered in, nine deceitful chicks were one by one brought to view, a round dozen in all. But the thirteenth yet eluded us.

We were just about condemning it to solitude and despair, when a faint chirp came from a remote corner, and the homeliest, meanest specimen of a feathered, or fuzzy, biped, was seen to have wedged itself helplessly in a cranny of the wall. This must be the product of the odd thirteenth egg, we thought; and it was named thirteenth at once.

Thirteen was odd, in every sense of the word. Physiologically considered, he may have been perfect, but he was not an esthetic chicken. Very spindling legs were surmounted by an atom of a speckled body, lean and half bare of feathers. Personal appearance may be nothing in the eyes of fowls, but I am compelled to state that for some reason, his brothers and sisters did not treat him well. On the contrary, they snubbed him on every possible occasion. Thirteen was continually a martyr to the caprices of the rest of the family. He was always in the rear. He looked meek. Metaphorically speaking, he fell down on his knees, and begged pardon daily of every fowl lips, and received an impulse there-

on the premises. If he wanted to crow even, he retired to a remote part of the yard, and experimented by himself.

But aside from these ordinary miseries, he was forever in some more serious difficulty. Puss made him the object of her especial attentions. From unsuspected lurking-places she pounced forth with murderous intent, but never succeeded in actually laying claw upon him.

The attempts of Puss all coming to naught, it was reserved for a hawk to create the first decided sensation. Seizing a fortuitous occasion, he swooped downwards, and fell upon poor Thirteen. The screaming chicken was borne aloft, but just in time to save it, a missile was hurled at the hawk, and Thirteen came to the ground, rather more scared than hurt, though indeed more thinly-dressed than ordinary.

This aerial adventure was followed two or three weeks later by one of frightfully terrestrial character. About noon of an early summer day, an uncommon agitation disclosed itself among the poultry. There was no loud cackling or noisy demonstration, but a united and prolonged scolding.

Going out to find the cause, a ludicrously solemn procession of fowls, with heads eagerly perked forward, was seen moving towards the barn. Upon examination, it turned out that they were following in the wake of Thirteen. Evidently the hens had not

intended it for a funeral procession, but simply one of inquiry and remonstrance. Certainly chick presented a most remarkable appearance. A long, streaked snake had wound itself about his neck, and falling gracefully therefrom, was trailing far behind. The astonishment and indignation of the hens was unbounded; but his snakeship not being in the least affected by these demonstrations, a lively whip was applied, and he sneaked away in the grass, leaving Thirteen in a gasping condition.

After these hair, or perhaps I should say feather-breadth escapes, it became a matter of wonder unto what experiences Thirteen was reserved.

This problem it befall a June day to reveal. It was hot and uncomfortable. Everything went wrong indoors. Why not have a half-holiday, and go fishing? It is often easy enough to go fishing, but it is another thing to catch any fish! Hours of waiting with no luck proved this. We wandered along by the stream, and cast the hook into the most promising depths; we supplied fresh bait again and again; we threw in the hook with gentle pretense of a bug falling from overhanging trees; we urged the bait after the shy fins sometimes plainly seen in the clear water; but none of these allurements prevailed. Not a fish was weak-minded enough to be caught. Occasionally, one leaped to the surface with coolplash and rippled; gorgeous insects sailed above the water; bobolinks distantly sang; low-hanging boughs gently lapped the stream; there was a faint nibble now and then, but no fish. We caught nothing but our own garments, two maple trees, and a stump. So we gave up in desperation, wended our way home forlorn, threw down the pole against a tree with hook unfastened and swinging, and determined never to go fishing again.

Fred now felt his work only begun. The seed was planted, it must be watered. The man was still houseless and penniless. It was a severe pull on Fred's meagre purse to supply all his wants, but so firmly did he believe that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," the sacrifices he was about to make were nothing.

His first step was to take his charge to the barbers'; next, to the public baths. After that, his wretched clothing was exchanged for a suit of Fred's, and the "tramp" of yesterday emerged from his filth as fine a looking young man as ever walked the streets. Fred arranged that he should share his own room, and both for lodgings and board he stood security; by dint of perseverance he obtained a paying situation for the "unrecommended man." Thus did Fred succeed in appealing to his self-respect, and in helping him up from his degradation to a point where he might obtain a social position. But the greatest work was still to be accomplished. With true zeal Fred enforced upon him, "Now that your external wants are supplied, it is your business to attend to your soul's need." And every night when the work of the day was done, he would spend an hour in singing in his clear, hearty voice, our soul-stirring hymns, and in praying with this man.

Prayer was with him "the mighty utterance of a mighty need," and in the course of a month the answer came, the lost was found. By his after confession, Fred learned that this man had been in prison in every State between Wisconsin and Massachusetts. He had, moreover, traveled through Europe and Palestine as a "tramp," and had really learned much of the customs and languages of the people. Since his conversion he has endeavored to "redeem the time." With a face beaming with love, he speaks the praises of Jesus in eloquent strains, which surprise listeners. And he stands to-day a monument of what saving love and the faithful labor of a disciple can perform. To me there is a grand lesson in this incident; there is a call to prayer, and labor, and faith; a call so real that when we meet the unconverted, we shall firmly believe that it is the will of God, even their immediate salvation; and thus bold in the Lord, we shall unhesitatingly perform the necessary part of our labor. Can we, dare we pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom, and do nothing for its advancement?

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

It is an ordinary occurrence to read of an industrious Christian treading life's meane pathway, who, because his heart is in his hand, and his soul abundantly filled with the love of Christ, is exalted by the Saviour to become a winner of souls; but it is a lamentable fact, that we rarely meet one such in our every-day contact with Christians, and so we mistakenly believe that only a few are called to this magnificent work, and our personal activity in the interests of souls is not especially demanded. It has recently been my privilege to meet one of the Master's working ones. I have seen him, realized that he is flesh and blood, and "subject to the temptations common to man." I have heard his story from his own lips, and received an impulse there-

from which a bare survey of the field of labor, and a theory concerning the duty connected therewith, could never have produced. He is an Englishman, with only nineteen years of experience back of him. With the exception of two years, his life was spent in England, where, for many reasons, religious and educational privileges were denied him. He had breathed the free air of America but a short time, when convictions of sin settled on his conscience.

After hours of struggle, at midnight, under a tree in the open field, the voice of God spoke peace to his soul. From that time his bent was to become the means of saving others. One evening, as he was walking the street of a populous city, he was accosted by one of the filthiest of "tramps," partially intoxicated, who asked him for money. He was on the point of complying, when it occurred to him that this was not the most befitting way of helping one of depraved appetite; instead, he had now attracted the attention of those on shore to his perilous situation, but it was impossible to send him aid without too great a risk of life. Nothing could live in the broken water, with occasional heavy rollers, except a life-boat, and the life-boat was at Teignmouth. The little fellow in the dingy made up his mind that she would soon swamp where she was; so he rapidly got up his mast and sail again, weighed his anchor, and stood to the westward, his craft almost on her beam ends. "With lightning precision and decision," he selected the only spot where he could possibly have landed, and boldly bearing up, he pushed his little boat into the foamy waters. Over the first roller she went like a sea-gull, but then she was suddenly becalmed, so that it seemed inevitable that she must soon broach to, be rolled over and knocked to pieces. The small mariner, however, remained perfectly collected, with his tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other. Then the gale again caught his sail, and over the second roller he went right upon the beach. There was now no need of the life-boat from Teignmouth, and she was countermanded. Admiral Cragie, supported in his opinion by a naval friend of great experience who saw the whole, testifies that this boy of fourteen did the very best which could be done under the circumstances, took the only course which afforded the least chance of escape, and showed (to use the Admiral's words) that "courage, self-reliance, and judgment are the chief elements of success on such occasions."

What a contrast does the calm bravery of this boy exhibit to the panic fear often betrayed by men in like emergencies! — the helpless terror, the suicidal prostration, and the miserable despair! The lad was young, but he was old enough and experienced enough to comprehend fully the exigency of the situation. His judgment may have been no better than that of many men similarly imperiled, but such as it was he was master of it. We have all a love of life, but how many of us have a trustworthy instinct of self-preservation? How many, since it is *felo-de-se*, in one form or another, which fills so many graves? — *N. Y. Tribune*.

the whole tremulous crowd with fortitude. This ability, this born power of leadership, this rapid and decisive quality of decision, was recently exhibited by a mere lad at Dawlish, England, during a peril of which we find an account in a letter written by Admiral Cragie to the Secretary of the Life-Boat Association.

A boy, Frederick Perrinane by name, and only fourteen years of age, had occasion to go from some place near Exmouth in a small dingy, when the tide suddenly swept him out into the open sea. There was a brisk gale from the N. E., and the boy immediately got up his tiny mast and sail, vainly hoping to find some sheltered place where he could land. He was fast driven, however, upon the heavy breakers. When he was within a few hundred yards of Dawlish Beach he anchored, in the desperate hope of holding on until the sea should a little subside. He had now attracted the attention of those on shore to his perilous situation, but it was impossible to send him aid without too great a risk of life. Nothing could live in the broken water, with occasional heavy rollers, except a life-boat, and the life-boat was at Teignmouth. The little fellow in the dingy made up his mind that she would soon swamp where she was; so he rapidly got up his mast and sail again, weighed his anchor, and stood to the westward, his craft almost on her beam ends. "With lightning precision and decision," he selected the only spot where he could possibly have landed, and boldly bearing up, he pushed his little boat into the foamy waters. Over the first roller she went like a sea-gull, but then she was suddenly becalmed, so that it seemed inevitable that she must soon broach to, be rolled over and knocked to pieces. The small mariner, however, remained perfectly collected, with his tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other. Then the gale again caught his sail, and over the second roller he went right upon the beach. There was now no need of the life-boat from Teignmouth, and she was countermanded. Admiral Cragie, supported in his opinion by a naval friend of great experience who saw the whole, testifies that this boy of fourteen did the very best which could be done under the circumstances, took the only course which afforded the least chance of escape, and showed (to use the Admiral's words) that "courage, self-reliance, and judgment are the chief elements of success on such occasions."

How to FIX THEM. — Transient impressions — so easily made! — how can they be made permanent? This is at once answered and illustrated in the *Sunday-School Times*: The early makers of sun pictures found it comparatively easy to get impressions. The real difficulty was how to fix them, how to make them permanent. It is comparatively easy to impress a child. The Holy Spirit alone can fix the impression and decision, and how many teachers will go and do likewise? Train your children for Christian work as you are training them for Christ. He has no use for idlers in his kingdom.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a home-place, and home is a home-place, and that man sadly mistakes who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." To be able to say, "My Lord and my God," is a dearer privilege than to count as ours the choicest earthly friendships. — *Am. Messenger*.

WHAT A CLASS OF LITTLE BOYS DID. — At one of our large religious meetings in the country, there was received a beautiful note. On opening it we found ten names, of ten little Sabbath-school boys, and ten dollars. The note said in substance that "one year ago, I said to my class of little boys, we can not do something for the salvation of the world? I propose this to you. Each boy bring each Sabbath two pennies, and I will keep your accounts for you, and we will see how much we can do in one year for Home Missions." The little boys went to work with a will to save up, and earn all the pennies they could for their missionary work. The result was an offering, from that class of little boys, of ten dollars. This came just from a little thoughtfulness on the part of that teacher. How many teachers will go and do likewise? Train your children for Christian work as you are training them for Christ. He has no use for idlers in his kingdom.

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ENIGMA, NO. 3.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 4, 16, 18, 2, 14, was a prophet.
My 3, 11, 6, 2, 5, was an apostle of Jesus Christ.

My 15, 19, 12, 13, 18, was Joseph's father.
My 5, 16, 16, 23, is a surname.

My 3, 4, 6, 11, 16, is a wilderness spoken of in numbers.

My 20, 15, 14, 2, 4, 23, was the son of Machir.

My 23, 21, 20, is a domestic animal.

My 7, 19, 20, is a reptile spoken of in Exodus.

My 14, 11, 12, 13, was Gershon's father.

My whole is found in the xxixth Psalm. Seabrook, N. H. M. A. COLLINS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Jan. 26.

LESSON IV. Cain and Abel. Gen. iv. 3-10.

TOPIC: True and False Worship.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Ye are come . . . to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Heb. xii. 22, 24.

1. The bloodless offering.

2. The blood offering.

3. A brother's blood.

4. The blood of vengeance.

DR. HALL'S HINTS FOR INFANT CLASSES.

Examples of good and bad; Cain and Abel, brothers, children of Eve; Cain older, ought to have been good to Abel, but was not. No church or Sunday-school then; but they had learned to worship, had Sabbath; how men worshiped. *Brought offerings*. Did God need them? What they showed. When Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and New Year come, what do your friends give you? Why do they bring presents? They love you. The presents all speak; say, "Mary, I love you; Harry, I love you." You give them gifts too. So men say, "Lord, I love Thee." But if the men do not love in their hearts, God sees it, and is displeased. He hates lying.

That was Cain's way. God saw it. Both brought offerings; what they were. Tell the story of Elijah and the priests of Baal; how God can show He is pleased. Cain was angry; ought to have been angry with himself, but was angry with God and with Abel. Bad heart, bad deeds. One day, away from home, he picked a quarrel with Abel, struck him, killed him. Picture a murderer; anger on Cain's face; a club plunged in his hand; blood on it, on Cain; Abel lying on the ground, speechless, pale, dead! First human death; first murder; beginning of wars; fruits of sin, God seeing it all, and coming to Cain about it. Learn about anger; the commandment broken; repeat it, and learn this v. 1, John iii. 15, and compare it with 1 John iii. 12.

Notes on Genesis iv. 1-10.

BY F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

The consequences of the Fall now appear in the history of the first family. By careful attention to the record, we may learn the true nature of the primitive religion, its rites, its hopes, and faith. We may also see here most instructive traces of the primeval civilization. Whilst fearful sin stains the first-born of man, sadly crushing the joyful hopes of the first mother, a pious son also appears, setting forth thus early the contrast and conflict between good and evil, which is to run through human history. The good at first is overcome by the evil; Abel (*Habel*, a breath, vanity, probably so named after his death) is slain by Cain; but another son (*Seth*, set or placed) is set in his place, at the head of the godly line. In this chapter we have the genealogy and outline history of the Cainitic, or sinfulline, and in the next, of the Sethitic, or godly line. The primitive Cainites made great advances in material civilization. *Jabal* (the wanderer)

Obituaries.

Rev. PETER BURGESS died in Hermon, Me., Dec. 20, 1872, aged 77 years.

Brother Burgess was born in Bangor in 1795; was converted to God, and became connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the 19th year of his life, and so remained until his death. He was first licensed to preach by the Hampden Quarterly Conference, Nov. 1, 1817, Rev. Oliver Beal, Presiding Elder. Hampden Circuit then included Bangor. At this time he resided in the family of the distinguished, able, and beloved Rev. Elijah R. Sabin, then in charge of the Hampden Circuit.

In November, 1817, he commenced his itinerant life in the Norridgewock Circuit, Rev. John Atwell preacher in charge—a circuit of 23 towns. He joined the New England Conference, and in 1820 was ordained deacon by Bishop George, at a Conference held in Nantucket. In 1822 he was ordained elder by Bishop Roberts, at a Conference held in Bath, Me. In 1832 he was a delegate to the General Conference, held in Philadelphia. He traveled in all twenty-seven years. Since 1861 he has held the position of a local elder in the Church, and preaching only as health and circumstances would justify.

Brother Burgess was a man of much natural ability, clear in religious experience, sound in theology, and in the strength of his manhood an able defender of the gospel. His love for the Church continued until the last, and seemed intensified by an increasing devotion, as his earthly sun descended toward its setting. A widow and four children survive him. May his departure prove a Divine opportunity for a special spiritual baptism upon them.

GEORGE PRATT.

Orono, Jan 3, 1873.

SAMUEL RICH, at the age of 72, stepped forth into the world of light without a moment's warning, in August, 1872.

A few months before, his children and friends celebrated the golden wedding at the home where he had lived and prayed for fifty years. Now at the end of a Christian pilgrimage, which quietly, but firmly demonstrates a true piety, he is away to that land as if by transition, where the union of true souls is perfect love and bliss forever. At that reunion may all his household give him the pleasure to say, "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me."

NANCY PIERCE concluded her earthly pilgrimage by a happy death, Sept. 21.

Converted a generation ago, about the same time left a widow, she has continued to bear a steady and useful testimony to the worth and power of religion in the midst of sorrows and heavy burdens.

At the ripe age of 78, her faculties were clear; she was ready to bide God's time, but joyful when she heard the call to come home. Much of the time, during her last illness, she said, "It seems as if I could put out my hand and touch the Lord. He is so near." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." A. J. CHURCH.

Died, in Bowdoinham, Me., Sept. 1, 1872, ROBERT McFARLAND, aged 81 years.

Brother McFarland was born in Topsham, Me., became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church thirty-five years ago, and continued a worthy member of the same to the close of life. His life was one of remarkable industry and activity in the accomplishment of life's work. For some months prior to his decease he had been, and seemed to be ripening for the better land. We miss him at our social and gatherings; we miss him at the house of worship on the Sabbath. His last sickness was of such a nature as to deprive him of his reason; but his profession and his life assure us that he rests from his labors. He leaves a widow and five sons—men of enterprise, intelligence, and moral worth. C. C. CONE.

Will The Methodist please copy?

Died, at Livermore Falls, Nov. 1, 1872, OREN HASKELL, aged 74 years. The death of this dear brother is deserving of more than a passing notice. For more than sixty years had he been a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thirty-five years of that time had he enjoyed that higher life called sanctification. Often has he said to the writer, within the past year, "There is a spot here (laying his hand on his heart) that has not been disturbed for more than thirty years." Though God had tested his faith severely, yet there was no flinching, no murmuring, no doubt the Divine goodness. The cloud, however dark, had its silver lining. "My good, or the good of some one is intended," was his uniform faith and expression; and if it was the good of some one beside himself, he was just as well satisfied. The one ruling principle of his life was, "What is God's will? What is my duty?" These settled, and it was done; no matter how great the sacrifice of time or money, it must be done. To him, more than to any other one individual, is the Church in this place indebted for its beautiful house of worship, now clear of debt, made so by almost the last act of his life. There being more than \$800 floating debt on the church, he kindly advanced the money, and took trustee notes for the same. In a conversation with his wife a short time before his death, he said, "If I am called suddenly away, I want you to make a present of this note to the trustees." She, with the true spirit of godly fidelity became that wish out to the letter, and to-day the church stands free of debt; and in a meeting of the trustees, held Jan. 9, 1873, they passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That, as a Board of Trustees, we in duty bound thus to express our gratitude for the very generous gift of our worthy brother, and to our dear son for the faithful performance of his wishes in the matter. May the widow's God abundantly reward her.

Thus the Church militant is depleted, to swell the church triumphant. May the mantle of the fathers fall upon the children. W. B. BARTLETT.

Livermore Falls, Jan. 7, 1873.

Mrs. ADDIE E. BROWN, wife of Rev. S. L. Brown, of the Maine Annual Conference, departed this life in East Livermore, Oct. 4, 1872, at the age of 23 years.

Sister Brown was converted under the labors of Rev. H. Nickerson, at the age of 15 years. Her piety was of a cheerful character, and sustained her fully in the toils and cares of life, and did not forsake her to the end of life. She was educated in the bosom of the Church, to which she gave the closing years of her life. She was an affectionate wife and loving friend, whose

character was worthy of imitation. She was called to her home in heaven in early life; yet she had endeared herself to a large circle of friends, who sincerely mourn her early departure from among them. She was kind and affectionate, and to the last was conscious that her heavenly Father would keep unto that day what in her Christian life she had committed to him. Her religion sustained her abundantly through life, and in the closing scene. Her kind, Christian husband, and precious child are left to us. May we have our prayers that he may be sustained in this deep affliction.

WM. H. FOSTER.

Once more has the Church in Piermont, N. H., been stricken by the loss of one of its most devoted members.

Mrs. ANN BLAKE, wife of John Blake, died Oct. 10, 1872.

For years she had been a great sufferer. Her maiden name was Hoyt, and she was born in Durham, N. H., in 1816. She was born again at the age of 20. She first joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Portland, Me., and was afterwards a member at Wilton, and at Windsor, Me., and at Melrose, Mass. She united with the Church in Piermont fourteen years ago. She was ready, nay desirous, to depart and be with Christ. M. SHERMAN.

Died, in East Falmouth, Mass., Dec. 8, 1872, CHARLES SHERMAN, aged 85 years.

Father Sherman was the oldest member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in East Falmouth, and until a few days before his death, was earnestly engaged in promoting her interests. He loved the Church, and the ordinances of the Christian religion. He loved the souls of his fellow-men, and went from house to house presenting the claims of the gospel. Peacefully he passed away. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

J. S. FISH.

Mrs. REBECCA CHANDLER died in Phillips, Me., Dec. 14, 1872, aged 65 years.

Sister Chandler was formerly of Freeport, Me. She professed faith in Christ more than forty years ago, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has since honored her profession by a consistent Christian life. She suffered much in her last sickness, which lasted about one week, which she endured patiently, and died in peace. R. F. F.

CHESTER STEBBINS died in Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 24, aged 66 years.

Twenty years of his life was given to the Church. In them he showed himself a firm believer in her doctrines and usages, and a faithful attendant upon her services. And there is reason to believe that he found the hopes and consolations of Christianity a sufficient refuge and strength in his last trial.

By his death the community has lost a good citizen, the Church a devout member, the pastor an attentive hearer and friend, and the family a faithful husband and kind father. All have gained the hope that he has passed to the life eternal, and thus established a new connection between them and heaven. O. C.

Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 30, 1872.

The Farm and Garden.

PREPARED FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WINTER VEGETABLES.—We copy the following from the *Rural New Yorker*:

It is one thing to raise a good crop of vegetables, but quite another thing to keep them safely through the winter. It is, doubtless, the fact that more vegetables are injured by heat in winter than by cold, because most persons crowd such things together in large quantities, and then cover them deeply to keep out the frost. When placed in cellars, the windows are closed, and in the more northern States, banked up with, perhaps, fresh horse manure from the stable. Of course, it is necessary to keep potatoes, turnips, beets, and similar roots from freezing; still they would be far better quality if kept as cold as possible, and not actually frozen.

Turnips and beets in particular, are very liable to heat, and become spoiled if a large quantity is placed together; and potatoes are often injured by being put in large bins, instead of being put in barrels or spread thinly upon shelves in a dark cellar. When buried in the ground, small heaps, say twenty to thirty bushels in each, is best.

CELERY.—Celeri that is not sufficiently blanched when cool, nights come on, and there danger of frosts, should be banked up to the topmost point of the leaves; then cover with straw or boards. When the ground begins to freeze, dig up, and place all in a narrow trench, in some dry and convenient place where it can be protected from frost, and still be got at when wanted for use. Pure sand is better than soil to pack in among the roots and stems for winter preservation.

PARSNIPS AND SALSIFY.—As these roots are benefited by freezing, or are at least not injured by it, they may be dug up and placed in a trench, and only slightly protected; just sufficient to admit of taking out what are wanted for use during winter. If they are only wanted for use in the spring, then they may be allowed to remain where grown.

ONIONS will withstand far more cold than is usually supposed. If packed in tight barrels and all interstices filled with chaff, they may be kept in a barn, or where they will freeze quite hard, and not be injured, provided the barrels are closed tight, and not opened until the onions are again thawed. Onions stored in a warm cellar are very likely to sprout in winter, and then decay, emitting anything but an agreeable odor.

CABBAGES.—This is one of the quickest decaying vegetables, if kept in a warm place; and the usual practice in this vicinity is to set the heads in a furrow, with the roots up, and then cover very lightly with earth. In such a position the heads are

nearly all winter, and come out in the spring almost as fresh as when gathered in autumn. We cannot say how this plan would answer farther North or South; but it answers every purpose here, and New York city market is supplied in winter and spring from the open fields.

The too general custom in this country of putting all kinds of vegetables in the cellar under the dwelling-house is not conducive to the health of the inmates at least; besides, it is scarcely possible to keep all kinds well preserved in the same temperature. It is a far better plan to store the different kinds separate, or at least place them where ventilation can be had when necessary. Potatoes and carrots are about the only roots that can be preserved in a cellar which is not well ventilated in winter; and then no very large quantity can be placed together. We believe that as a rule, farmers fail in preserving their vegetables simply because they try to keep too many kinds together, and all in too warm a temperature.

FOR VINEGAR.—If you have no cider to vinegar, you can keep yourself well supplied with it by apple juice; you can put them in a crock, with a little water on them, so they will not dry up, and when full steep them and press like jelly; rinse the pulp from the jelly, and put in a keg with a white bean, and vinegar will result in a short time. A pint of white beans in a barrel of cider will bring it up to a short time.

COOKIES.—One cup of white sugar, rolled fine, mixed with half a cup of butter; half a cup of sour cream, mixed with half a teaspoonful of salaratus. Add two eggs, thoroughly beaten. Season with caraway seeds, or mace. Roll thin, sprinkle sugar on top, and cut out in any shape you like.

BRICK FLOUR.—Four cups of flour, a sufficient quantity of boiling water on one pint correspond to make gruel; then let it stand till nearly cold; then add salt, and one large spoonful of yeast; mix in wheat flour until it is stiff dough; knead it well, and let it stand a warm place for seven or eight hours to rise; when light, make into rolls, and bake one hour.

TO CLEAN THE HAIR AND HEAD.—Heat the water in a kettle, and rub it through the hair, wash and rinse in soft, warm water; dry with towel as much as possible. Avail yourself of a warm place to dry the hair.

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COOKIES.—One cup of white sugar,

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It often seems to us that the officers of our large life insurance companies must be able to tell some strange things about Death. We, who edit the newspapers, who look into the kaleidoscope of the world every day to catch the shifting phases of the public mind, learn what life is. We see every side of it, not only its mirth and sadness, but its ignorance and its grossness; its horrible spelling and its wretched chirography!

But Death writes a plain hand. The managers of our life insurance companies are called upon to pay its drafts every day. In the course of their business, they learn how men regard Death; how they lay their plans in relation to it; how it effects surviving lives. And, notwithstanding all this familiarity with it, does not the Specter sometimes flash upon them in a manner that must give them pause?

Such questions we asked, recently, in the office of our friends, the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY in New York, and, at the very moment of our conversation a letter was opened which answered us. It announced the death of a young man in Chicago, whose life had been insured for the benefit of his mother. He was in the upper lot of a warehouse, made a misstep, fell through the holystone to the door—dead!

When he insured his life, did he think it possible that it could end in such a manner? Doubtless, he was reasoned with for a long time before he insured himself. He hesitated. He put off the intention. He said he would think about it—might do it tomorrow; and, perhaps, not fully appreciating the necessity or wisdom of an insurance, was, at last, *persuaded* to take a policy.

And how many men, young and old, are now hesitating, day after day, to provide for this result; to do now that which it is madness to defer?

The Secular World.

LATEST NEWS.

Edward Bulwer Lytton, better known as Lord Lytton, the famous English novelist, died on the 18th inst., aged 65 years. His brother, Lord Bulwer, the diplomatist, died a year ago. Lord Lytton was a distinguished member of Parliament for many years.

The British steamship Sir Francis, went to pieces on Sunday forenoon, a dense fog eclipsing the ruin accomplished upon her during a strong gale, and when the fog lifted the vessel had disappeared.

A severe fire in Pawtucket, Sunday morning, burned the Miller building, and damaged the adjoining Spence building, inflicting a loss of \$35,000. Mr. Dorsey, the famous, "prisoners' friend," was a heavy loser by the fire.

General Wheaton's command had a terrible battle with the Modoc Indians on Friday last, and after fighting all day in a fog so dense that the foe could not be seen, he was forced to retreat back to camp with a loss of forty killed and wounded.

The introduction of the municipal reform laws into Porto Rico have been delayed by order of the Spanish government.

The sympathies of the people of Newfoundland tend toward annexation to the United States, and it is believed the action of the coming Parliament will be favorable to the project.

The heating of the cars on Mr. Stewart's new line of railroad is not effected by steam, but by hot water circulating through pipes under the seats. These pipes are cased in a wrought-iron covering, which is again protected by another iron casing, so that in the event of a collision it is claimed there is no danger to be apprehended of setting the cars on fire.

The confidence in the management of the Eastern Railroad by the public has been constantly increasing for a year past. The readiness with which the four thousand shares of the stock held by the company has been recently taken, is proof of this.

The floods in Italy have caused some districts to be so overcrowded with fugitives that typhus fever and small pox have been engendered, and are committing frightful ravages among the poor creatures.

A survey was held on the 10th, of the British steamer Sir Francis, ashore on Salisbury beach, and it was recommended that she be pumped out. The schooner Florence E. Tower left this port that night for the wreck, with a steam pump on board. The work of discharging the wreck was done by Capt. M. B. Tower, of Boston, and Hon. G. W. Jackson, Jr., of Newburyport.

The Subaqueous torpedo, as an implement of naval warfare, is attracting attention, and it has been determined that with the facilities now at command, a torpedo can be placed under any vessel whose speed is less than the attacking one, and exploded.

The recent storm raged with terrible severity in some parts of Minnesota, and many deaths are supposed to have been lost.

There was an imposing anti-slavery demonstration in Madrid on Saturday.

Father Tom Burke is seriously ill in New Orleans.

The meeting of the Methodist Social Union with their ladies and invited guests on Monday evening last, was one of the most delightful entertainments which the Association has enjoyed. A large company was gathered; the collation admitted of only one criticism; if any, it was too rich and profuse for human digestion, so near to bed-time. The speaking by President Dunn, Missionary Secretary Reid, Dr. Butler, Governor Washburn, C. P. Kimball, esq., of Rutland, and Hon. Mr. Story of the Baptist Church, was of a high order. An attractive feature of the evening was the singing of a Swedish quartette.

One of the sprightliest papers coming to our office, with live, sharp, editorials, and able selections and contributions, is the *Christian Recorder*, the organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *Central* says the Law Department of the Iowa State University has more students than can be seated in its rooms.

INDIGNATION will fill the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber-yard the other day, because they were suspected of a *design on wood*.

A SOLDIER, telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. "Tree!" said he; "there wasn't enough trees for the officers."

ONE of Hartford's popular dry-goods merchants was asked the other day how he spent his evenings. His reply was, "At night I store my mind, and during the day I mind my store." He was alive at last accounts.

A GENTLEMAN asked an Irishman to do a small service, on the completion of which he rewarded Pat very liberally. Pat immediately addressed him thus: "Arrah, by the powers, I have a good mind to hire you for my master!"

Inducements to subscribe for the HERALD were never greater. The paper enlarged, nearly one third more reading matter will be given our readers than was ever printed before. In addition to our editorial corps, some of the ablest minds of the Church will contribute regularly to its columns. The fine steel engraving offered as a premium to new and old subscribers, is worth the subscription price of the paper. It is got up in the highest style of the art, by one of the best artists in the country, and no engraving of "Our Bishops," has been offered the Methodist public that is so desirable. If space would allow, we might publish a long list of testimonials to this effect. Let two, from men well known in the Church suffice. One writes as follows: "From accurate photographs, Mr. F. T. Stuart has given likenesses of all the bishops, with great delicacy of finish, and rare beauty of design." Another writes: "The splendid steel-line engraving of the bishops, which is given as a premium to all subscribers (old and new) to ZION'S HERALD, is pronounced, unequivocally, the best which has been published. From personal acquaintance with the bishops, and a careful examination of the competing engravings and photographs, I candidly add my testimony to this effect."

Let every reader call the attention of his neighbor, who may not take any religious paper, to our offer. We trust every friend of the HERALD will do well to give this company their attention; as they offer attractive inducements to all.

MISS CARRIE F. PEIRCE'S HIGH SCHOOL, which is advertised in our columns to commence February 10, is large and flourishing. Eleven teachers and lecturers, are engaged for the next term. Good board for pupils is also secured by her, at very reasonable rates.

We call the attention of our readers to W. R. Arey's notice of a meeting of the Neo-choo Colony Company. Persons contemplating emigrating West, would do well to give this company their attention; as they offer attractive inducements to all.

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A Splendid Steel Engraving

OF
OUR BISHOPS

Sent to each old subscriber who pre-pays for the year '73, by forwarding \$2.50. Each new subscriber is entitled to the engraving, who subscribes for one year. To a limited extent we can furnish back numbers for the year 1873; but new subscribers are just as acceptable to commence with any other month as January.

Special attention will be given to the Family, Sunday-school, Temperance, and Religious Departments.

Inducements to subscribe for the HERALD were never greater. The paper enlarged, nearly one third more

GOOD WORDS
FOR THE

PAIN - KILLER.

We can confidently recommend the Pain-Killer.

It is the most effectual remedy we know for Aches, Pain, Head-aches, etc. — St. John's Wort, P. G.

We advise that every family should have so effective and speedy a Pain-Killer. — Amber, N. S. Gazette.

Our own experience is that a bottle of Pain-Killer is the best physician a traveler can have. — Homeopathic Physician.

For both internal and external application have found it of great value. — Chris. Era.

A medicine no family should be without. — Monmouth Standard.

Could have it keep house without it. — Ed. Vote.

Should be kept in every house, in readiness for sudden attacks of sickness. — Chris. Era.

No article ever obtained such unbound popularity. — New York Observer.

One of the most reliable specifics of the age. — Old North State.

Its power is wonderful and unequalled in relieving the most severe pain. — Burlington Sentinel.

An important article in the medicine chest. — New Englander.

It will recommend itself to all who use it. — George Enterprise.

It is extremely used and sought after as a really valuable medicine. — Journal, St. John, N. B.

No medicine has acquired such a reputation; it has real merit. — Newport Daily News.

One of the most useful medicines; have used it and directed it for the past twenty years. — Rev. Wm. Ward, Asst. Ass't.

The most valuable medicine now in use. — Tennessee Standard.

It is really a valuable medicine, and used by many physicians. — Boston Traveler.

We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark, if need be. — Rev. C. Hibbard, Burmah.

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It is a valuable medicine, and used by many physicians. — Boston Traveler.

We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark, if need be. — Rev. C. Hibbard, Burmah.

One of the few articles that are just what they pretend to be. — Brunswick Telegraph.

For certain travels no medicine is of so universal application as Pain-Killer. — Rev. M. H. Bishop, Burmah.

The most valuable medicine now in use. — Tennessee Standard.